

Lisa Loeb & Nine Stories**"From Rags To Riches"**

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A quick story from rags to riches
comin to you from Supernova (AKA Left Eye)
give it to em, give it to em, give it to em (ha ha)

I'm goin, i'm goin from rags to riches (ha ha ha ha)
i'm goin, i'm goin from rags to riches (ha ha ha ha)

I started off as an army brat (atten-hut!)
seven months old class act
i was racing down the block
as a matter of fact
i could've been a Track Star (i guess i am)
i stacked bars
comin through your system in them phat cars (uh)
cross country isn't that far
it's like i'm in the race don't know who you cats are
see one day i fell from grace landed in this place
my innocence erased from talkin back to my momma's
afce
like i was lost in space
without a trace cuttin class bein called Mrs. Fast Ass
getiin blasted with my dad got caught up in the flash
my Nana goin straight mad had to make the dash
saw a fella through the streets
who would give anything for cash
and anything to crash in anybody's path
if everything i had
look at what i could grab (check it)
and it was just a bunch of niggas

[Chorus]

I'm goin from rags to riches
from rags to riches
i'm goin from rags to riches
i bet you imma be the richest
i'm goin from rags to riches
from rags to riches
i'm goin from rags to riches
i bet you imma be the richest
(repeat)

Ding ding the bell ring landlord causin a scene
mama diggin for her green last dolla (dolla bill)
to pay for the phone bill, electric bill, water bill
how you feel when you make a mill?
and move your mama to a house on the hill
with picture framed TV's on the wall
hard and i'm pissed when she wanna brawl
a cell phone for when she wanna call
she ballin out of control
with her own bank roll i got her back though
one for the money and two for the show
mama floors stayin clean 600 green outside
showin them the many ways that God provides in life
or who can see the bigger picture
and tell a story from goin dead broke to gettin richer
knowin i'm gettin with you in this paper chase
rags to riches all up in your face

[Chorus]

I rememeber sellin weed
can't believe i poisonin my folk
now i let my throat be the antidote
always kept my hopes high
now mama don't cry cuz i'll be close by
with the most high i was playin Robin Hood (in the hood)
little Red Riding Hood
til the barrel pointed where i stood (yeah i stood)
but walked away like i was absolutely positively sure i
could
attitude on drugs
a few dollars in the bucket
and scheming steady dreaming
for a chance to make some duckets
caused a little ruckus on the sideline
from the alley way to Cali on the Grammy day
went from disarray to maybe maybe maybe
ran away from the sickness with a quickness
and went from rags to riches

[Chorus]

I'm lovin everybody that's tryin to get it from rags to
riches
from nuttin to sumthin (ha ha right)
you know what i'm sayin
i'm nuttin but a quickie story from rags to riches
to all my mournin ghetto superstars out there
much love!
i'm backin everybody east coast, west coast, the

midwest
everything you know what i'm sayin it's all hip hop
much love!

We came from rags and went to riches
and the ones that's still messin with them rags
you know what i'm sayin
keep your head up (know what i'm sayin)
somethin bound to happen
for sure though...

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